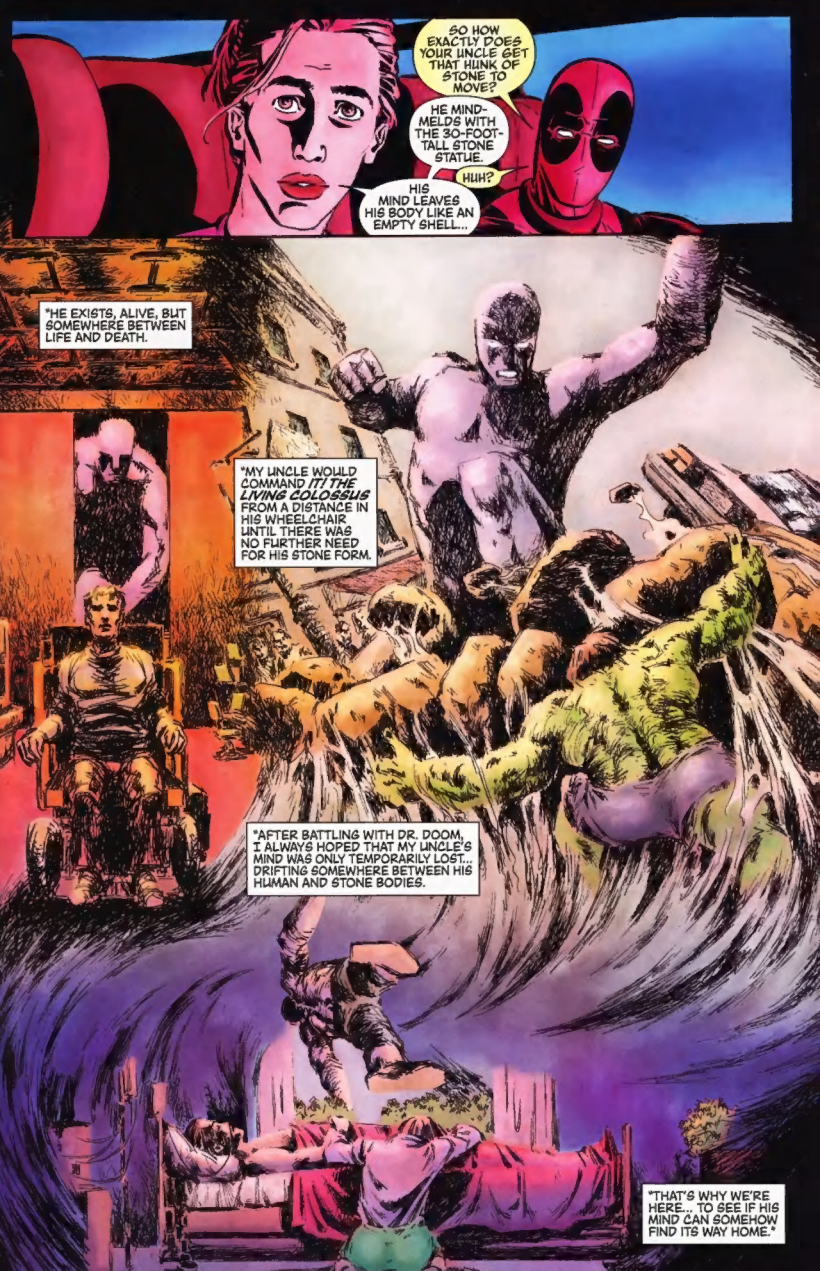
SO HOW EXACTLY DOES YOUR UNCLE GET THAT HUNK OF STONE TO MOVE?
HE MIND-MELDS WITH THE 30-FOOT-TALL STONE STATUE.
HUH?
HIS MIND LEAVES HIS BODY LIKE AN EMPTY SHELL...
"HE EXISTS, ALIVE, BUT SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.
"MY UNCLE WOULD COMMAND *IT! THE LIVING COLOSSUS* FROM A DISTANCE IN HIS WHEELCHAIR UNTIL THERE WAS NO FURTHER NEED FOR HIS STONE FORM.
"AFTER BATTLING WITH DR. DOOM, I ALWAYS HOPED THAT MY UNCLE'S MIND WAS ONLY TEMPORARILY LOST... DRIFTING SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HIS HUMAN AND STONE BODIES.
"THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE... TO SEE IF HIS MIND CAN SOMEHOW FIND ITS WAY HOME."

DEADPOOL, I CAN'T SEE OUTSIDE!
ZZRLOC!
XXRLOC!
TELL ME WHAT TO DO!
UM... HOLD YOUR BREATH.
UGH!
WHA... WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE? WE'RE PRACTICING OUR SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING ROUTINE.
UNCLE BOB! THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!
YOU'VE GOT TO MELD WITH IT! THE LIVING COLOSSUS!